ſters in *Detchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

Miſ. Page. You will do it? (direction.

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no Begone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little *Robin.* (with you?

Miſ Ford. How now my Eyas Musket, what newes

Rob. My M. Sir *Iohn* is come in at the backe doore (Miſt. *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Miſ. Page. You little Iack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs?

Rob. I, ile be ſworne; my Maſter knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put mee into euerlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſweares he'll turne me away.

Miſ. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. Ile go hide me.

Miſ. Ford. Do ſo, go tell thy Maſter, I am alone; Miſtris *Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

Miſ. Page. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſ. Ford Go too then; we'l vſe this vnwholſome humidity, this groſſe-watry Pumpion, we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough; This is the period of ambition; O this bleſſed houre.

Miſ. Ford. O ſweet Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Maſter *Ford*) now ſhall I ſinne in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, ile ſpeake it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſ Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I ſhould be a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew mee ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond; Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Miſtris